

One

Ghostface Killah

Yo, new Ghostface!
To glorious days, check it out y'all
We back, yes yes y'all
Masked avengers, we're here to sharpen your sword
All praises due to T.M.F., Wu-Tang Clan
Scream on it, Ghost

A-yo, we at the weedgate, waiting for Jake
We want eight ravioli bags, two thirsty villians yelling bellyaches
Heavyweight rhyme writers, hitting the grass that's the ripest
Pull out this kite from this white bitch
Talking 'bout, "Dear Ghost, you the only nigga I know
Like when the cops come, you never hide your toast"
Guest starred in mad shit, CBL, Ice Water metallic
Past tense placed in gold caskets
Dru Hill bitches, specialist lounging at the mosque
Suede kufi wrap, undercover dentist
Rhymes is made of garlic, never in the target when the NARCs hit
Rumor is you might start to spit
You nice Lord, sweet daddy Grace, wind lifted
On the dancefloor, makeover's free followed by gauze
Duncan Hines monument cakes, we never half-baked
Alaskan, sexcapade, push your new court dates
Trauma, hands is like candy canes, lay my balls on ice
The branches in my weed be the vein
Swimsuit issue, darts sent truly from the heart, boo, I miss you
See daddy rock a wristful
Modern slave God, graveyard spells, fog your goggles
Laying like needles in the hospital
Five steps to conquer, ask Bernadette, big ass whistle
Ziploc your ear, hear thistle

To my real bitches take your drawers off
To all my high niggas, snatch her skirt off
Just in case she wanna play, get up in that bitch face
And tell her Ghost said, "Take your clothes off!"

A-yo, the Devil planted fear inside the black babies
Fifty cent sodas in the hood, they going crazy
Dead meat placed on the shelves, we eat cold cuts
Fast from the hog y'all and grow up

A-yo, crash through, break the glass, Tony with the goalie mask
That's the pass, heavy ice Roley laying on the dash
Love the grass, cauliflower hurting when I dumped the trash
Sour mash served in every glass up at the Wally Bash
Sunsplash, autograph blessing with your name slashed
Backdraft, four-pounders screaming with the pearly ash
Children fix the contrast as the sound clashes
Mrs. Dash, sprinkle with her icicle eyelash
Ask Cappa Pendergrass for backstage passes
Special guest, no more Johnny Blaze, Johnny Mathis
Acrobat, run up on that Love Jones actress
Distract the cat while I'm high sugar get a crack at this
Dicking down Oprah, jumprope, David Dinkins
Watch the black mayor of DC hit the mocha
Tangerine sofa, two super soakers in the Rover

Hit the sport's bar, tell a young lady to bend over
Meditated yoga, Paddle Ball, dancing with the vulture
Castor Troy laying for Travolta
Yo, switch the lingo, five-nine-seventy
God glow, seven fifteen four be ebony

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